More Torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah sirrah, by my fay it waxes late,
Ile to my rest.

Iuli. Come hither *Nurse*, what is yond Gentleman?

Nurs. The sonne and heire of old *Tyberio.*

Iuli. Whats he that now is going out of the doore?

Nurs. Marrie that I thinke be yong *Petrucheo.*

Iuli. Whats he that followes here that would not dance?

Nurs. I know not.

Iuli. Goe aske his name, if he be marryed,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurs. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely sonne of your great Enemie.

Iuli. My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I must loue a lothed Enemie.

Nurs. Whats tis? what tis?

Iu. A Rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danst withall.

One calls within Iuliet.

Nurs. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the strangers are all gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lye,
And yong affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gron'de for and would dye,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppos'de he must complaine,
And she steale loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue accesse
To breath such vowes as Louers vse to sweare,
And she as much in loue, her meanes much lesse,
To meete her new beloued any where:

But

But passion lends them Power,
Tempring extremities with ext

Enter Romeo *alo*

Rom. Can I goe forward wh
Turne backe dull earth and find

Enter Benuolio, *with* Me

Ben. Romeo, my Cozen *Rom*
Mer. He is wise, & on my li
Ben. He ran this way and le
Call good *Mercutio*:

Mer. Nay Ile coniure too.

Romeo. humours, madam, p
Appeare thou in the likenesse o
Speake but one rime and I am s
Cry but ay me, pronounce but l
Speake to my Gossip *Venus* on
One nickname for her pur-blin
Yong *Abraham Cupid*: he tha
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the
He heareth not, he stirreth not,
The ape is dead, and I must con
I coniure thee by *Rosalines* brig
By her high forehead, and her
By her fine foote, straight leg,
And the demeanes, that there a
That in thy likenesse thou appe

Ben. And if he heare thee tho

Mer. This cannot anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistresse
Of some strange nature, letting
Till shee had laide it, and coniur
That were some spight.
My inuocation is faire and hone
I coniure onely but to raise vp h

Ben. Come, he hath hid him
To be consorted with the humer
Blind is his loue, and best befits

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k